

THE WORLD.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD
for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 4,
was as follows:

MONDAY.....	80,560
TUESDAY.....	80,720
WEDNESDAY.....	82,920
THURSDAY.....	82,280
FRIDAY.....	81,800
SATURDAY.....	81,820

WAIT AND SEE.
Senator INGLETT explains that he appointed on the Special Committee on the Pacific Railroad roads men "who would not try to make political capital out of the matter."

The only political capital that could be made out of the matter lies in the direction of a protection of the Government's interests. Is Senator INGLETT's remark to be construed as an indication that the capital to be taken care of is that represented in the enormous fortunes of the railroad magnates?

It looks that way.

WHY RUSH?
And now a man's leg has been broken in the wild rush for entrance to an "L" train.

What possesses the average New Yorker, that causes him to jump up the stairs, crowd past the ticket-box and make a lunge like a wild buffalo to get aboard these cars?

It is the demon of unrest—that nervous haste which is "burning the candle at both ends" in this mad metropolis.

The "L" trains at the busy hours run every two minutes. If a man is a little too late for one train, he is just in time for the next. Why rush?

KEEPING IT UP.
The proposition to remove Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago, and make a perpetual show of it, is probably a scheme of JOSEPH BRECKENRIDGE to boom himself for the Republican Presidential nomination.

With the National Convention held in that historic prison pen how naturally a bloody shirt campaign would follow. How resolutely would the old "rebel" howl.

And in such a campaign who is so forward for leader as the fiery FORAKER, whose zeal for war-increases with the prolongation of peace, and who enjoys the distinction of being the only man ever snubbed by the wife of a Democratic President.

A great head has FORAKER.

LEGGING IT.
The great go-as-you-please contest in Madison Square Garden is not a walking match nor a running race. It is a test of endurance, under conditions of bad air and attendant excitement that are not favorable to the best results, but that are perhaps equally fair to all.

The interest of the public is what concerns THE EVENING WORLD, and in recognition of this our reports will be the latest, fullest and clearest that can be made.

And may the best man win!

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.
The language of love is more universal than Volapuk will ever be.

The wooing, winning and elopement with a pretty Pennsylvania girl, by a deaf and dumb man from Connecticut, shows that love does not depend upon any speech. It flashes from the eye. It tingles its message through the fingers. It proclaims itself upon bent knees. It is eloquent in gestures. It conveys through the lips what the tongue could not utter. Its vocabulary is caresses.

There are no locks nor bars that love does not laugh at. Long live Love!

The Washington crushers who go to church to stare at the President's wife and mob that estimate lady as she goes to her carriage are the terror of ushers and police. If the contribution boxes won't scatter them, how would it do to call on a squad of the Salvation Army?

Are not the Great Powers of Europe a good deal like SULLIVAN and SMITH—bent upon making so many conditions for a fight, and leaving so many loopholes of escape, that no "mill" is probable?

Mr. Chimpanzee Crowley refuses to take whiskey or even milk punch; and still those scientists cling to their theory of evolution. Or did man start as a testator?

The mail street sidewalk, in rear of the Post-Office, was washed and cleaned last week. Who said this is not a reform Administration?

The race is not always to the swift nor to the battle to the strong. It is the fellow who can "stick" the longest who gets there.

Old Sol and old Phylus are New York's real street cleaners. They don't deal in excuses, nor shirk any part of their work.

The Correct Thing in Dogs.
[From the Chicago Times.]
A fashion paper in Boston prints a long article about the heading, "The Correct Thing in Dogs." We have many fashion papers out here in the "rowdy West," but there are some folks here away who have a notion that a bit of stricture is about the correct thing in dogs of the class that this Boston paper recommends.

In the Sunday School.
[From the Washington Herald.]
Teacher—What can you tell me of Lot's wife?
Little Girl—Nothin'. Mother says I wasn't talk about other folks behind their backs.

SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES.

Genial John Keller has just returned to duty in the Clinton street station-house. He has been ill some weeks with pneumonia.

Frank A. Sheppard, son of George Sheppard, the stage man, is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and follows in his father's footsteps by running a lively stable.

W. B. McNair, the Ninth avenue druggist, is reported to have said that he does not want any more advice about hair restorers from his affable head clerk, Wm. Kennedy.

The value of the stolen property recovered by John Cary, Capt. Grant's ward detective in the Twentieth street squad, is said to exceed the total amount of salary he has received since his appointment.

A face often seen in the corridors of the Metropolitan Hotel is that of Dignity W. Chandler, the artist. He is a quiet little man whose water colors are in many New York galleries. He is also known as an engraver on wood.

Dr. McCreedy, ambulance surgeon of St. Vincent's Hospital, is one of the ablest physicians in the city. When a call is received at the hospital he takes the flight of stairs in one jump and in another is on the ambulance and away.

Among the hotel clerks in this city Harrison Downs, of the Morton House, is declared by his friends to be the Adonis. He is rather short in stature, with a luxuriant mustache, and wears three big diamonds in his expensive shirt front.

Spencer Cone is a man well known in the dramatic profession. Mr. Cone is of medium height and rather inclined to embonpoint. His hair is of a sunset hue. He is a brother of Kate Claxton and is the owner of several plays—one with a tank in it, to be tried in the West shortly.

Erwin L. Low, the steamship agent, is known to thousands of people whom he books in the course of a year to all parts of the civilized world. For ten years he was with the National Steamship Company. He reads all the editions of THE WORLD, from choice and by necessity, the necessity lying in the fact that he has to keep informed of all the news of the day at home and abroad.

WORLDLINGS.
Emma Abbott, the singer, is said to have a fortune of \$300,000, which she has accumulated during the last ten years.

A horseshoe was found imbedded in the heart of a tree three feet in diameter that was cut down near York Springs, Pa., recently.

Senator Stanford, of California, employs three or four private secretaries, and to one of them he turns over his entire Senatorial salary of \$5,000 and mileage.

A man living near Macon, Ga., was attacked a few days ago by a Texas pony which he was leading, and would have been killed if his wife had not run to his assistance and slung the animal by striking it with an axe.

The State of Sonora, Mexico, levies a tax of \$2 on every baby born within its limits, and charges the farmer 5 cents for every chicken he raises and 2 cents for every sheep.

The famous Jones County bazaar was held at Hazlehurst, Ga., by Will McKee recently. The bell attached to the bird had engraved on it the letters "C. E." and the words "Jones County, Ga., 1892." It has been known in various parts of the State for years.

A house owned by an Orrington (Me.) man took up its quarters in the barnyard of a neighbor, who fed and cared for it. After a period of four weeks the neighbor sent in a bill for keeping the fowl in the yard, but payment was disputed. The matter was finally settled by the neighbor taking the rooster in payment of the account.

Sheriff Matson, of Chicago, received a letter from a woman in Cerro Gordo, Ill., recently, asking him to send her one strand of a rope that had been used to hang some person. Her little boy had been hanged for four years, and she said she had failed to benefit him. A neighbor had told her of the rope being used in such cases with success and she was willing to pay any price to secure a strand of it.

Col. W. R. Wright, an old settler of Eagle River, Mich., was married a few days ago to the wife he married forty-eight years ago and with whom he has always lived. He is a pensioner on the Government, and had the ceremony performed for the purpose of guarding his wife against any trouble she might have after his death in producing a marriage contract to show that she was lawfully entitled to the pension.

W. D. Ogden, of Jackson, W. T., has in his possession a sperm whale's tooth that has an interesting history. It is about five inches in length and on its polished sides is a portrait of a Spanish lady tattooed with Indian ink. The tooth was originally owned by Capt. Gray, of the ship Columbia, and was in the cabin of his ship when he sailed upon the Pacific coast on the voyage of exploration which resulted in the discovery of the great river which now bears the name of the vessel.

A NICE STATE OF THINGS.
Here's a state of things, now, in this land of the free, where the people are reckoned the rulers, say:
When a few men with money to the rest of us say,
"If you want any sugar, our price you must pay,
For we've got up a 'trust' and bought the whole lot,
And the rest of the people may all go to pot,
So the day will soon be here I really opine,
When none but the rich can say 'I sugar in mine.'"

Here's a nice state of things in this land of the free, when a few moneyed men say to you and to me,
"We've got up a 'trust' now in kerosene oil,
And all you low fellows who labor and toil
Must buy it of us, and pay us our price,
Or go to the devil, like the rats and the mice,"
So no more of our homes sold, I really opine,
The old "taller did" or nothing, will shine.

Here's a nice state of things, I really must say,
When greedy monopolies rule the day,
And look like necessities, pocket the money,
And say, "Go without, or else buy of me."
But the "trusts" keep increasing in numbers away,
And the path of the poor man grows rougher each day.

The next thing may be matrimonial "trusts,"
When to wed we must "see 'em and 'em" down with the dust."

But there's ominous mutterings over the land,
And the wings of our eagle begin to expand;
There's a look in his eye that betokens no good,
For this is a land for the poor and oppressed,
Where the true honest toiler is as good as the rest,
And each hated "trust" will die the very dead,
When the American eagle swoops down on its head.
W. E. PENNEY.
New Haven, Conn.

Uncle Josh Again.
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A HOT RUN.

OR,
Dr. Swan's Prediction.

BY
Police Capt. Jacob Siebert,
Of the Leonard Street Station.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

HE respectable portion of the city community has a mind and feelings which hold the different sections of it together in a sort of sympathetic union.

"Honor among thieves" is a saying which is used to express this clannishness.

There are too many instances of a culprit who has been caught in some criminal act having ready to "sneak" and betray his partners in the deed in order to escape punishment.

But, on the other hand, there are examples enough of a rough kind of fidelity and friendly effort on the part of a gang to help one of their number who had been taken up.

So there is some truth in the saying.

I recall an incident of the kind which fell under my own knowledge, where several members of a gang had the coolness to approach me and endeavor to get me to suppress something which told badly against an associate who had been arrested by me.

They got nothing by their attempt. But it showed a trait of bad good-fellowship, which was founded on friendship, self-interest, or mutual protection, possibly on a mixture of the three.

The incident to which I refer was rather an amusing one. It was the capture of a "sneak-thief," or what would be denominated that now. His attempt was made on the spur of the moment, he was detected at it almost as soon as he had begun, and was taken within half an hour after he had left the place. In this case justice was not slow.

The whole business was brisk. Part of it was almost too brisk to be agreeable.

This briskness was in the chase for the thief, and that part of it was something I easily remember by reason of what went before.

I had been suffering for some time from my chest, or rather from my left side. When I finally saw a physician to procure some relief, after making a careful examination and asking me questions about my feelings, he told me I was suffering from an affection of the heart.

I knew this was not hereditary, and the doctor said it was not serious at present except some accidental circumstance were to make it so.

This was at the time when New York was again over the mysterious Nathan murder, which wears its mystery up to this very time.

Dr. Swan began talking about the murder, hazarding certain conjectures, asking about several features of the case and the like.

"They have offered a reward, haven't they?" he asked.

"Yes, they promise a reward for the detection of the murderer," I replied.

"How much is it?" he inquired.

"I told him it was some thousands—\$5,000, I believe, but I am not certain of the amount now, only it was large enough to tempt any one who knew anything about it to give his information, and enough to induce a person to try to discover the assassin if he had any idea who it was, or had any clue which promised to lead to him."

"Well," said Dr. Swan, rising, "if you could get the man by running only two blocks for him, I would advise you not to do it."

"If I could get him by as easy work as that," I replied, "I am pretty sure I would make the attempt. It would be good pay for running two blocks. Why do you say that you would advise me not to do such a thing?"

"Because, although your condition is not dangerous as the case stands," he answered, "if you were to engage in any violent physical effort, or to expose even anything exciting or startling that would impress you a great deal, so as to quicken the action of the heart violently, you would probably feel over and be a dead man in a jiffy. Running would induce this excessive action of the heart, and speaking of the Nathan murder made me think of running after him. Hence my remark to you."

"All right, doctor," I said. "I don't suppose I shall run after the murderer of Mr. Nathan, so you need not look out for my funeral just yet on that account. The man that killed Nathan will not be run down by chasing him for two blocks, in my opinion."

"But the 'trusts' keep increasing in numbers away, and the path of the poor man grows rougher each day."

The next thing may be matrimonial "trusts," when to wed we must "see 'em and 'em" down with the dust."

But there's ominous mutterings over the land, and the wings of our eagle begin to expand; there's a look in his eye that betokens no good, for this is a land for the poor and oppressed, where the true honest toiler is as good as the rest, and each hated "trust" will die the very dead, when the American eagle swoops down on its head.

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cars and trucks and about the ordinary amount of passers. But everything was quiet and I was about to move on to make my rounds.

Just then a young man came out of the furniture store. He walked rather rapidly and crossed to the opposite side of the street. Although there was nothing suspicious in his appearance, for he was neatly enough dressed—not flashy nor slovenly in his looks—at all yet my attention was somehow arrested by him. If I had to say what it was that led me to keep my eyes on him it might be hard to put it into words. But probably it was the suggestion of an attempt on his part to seem at ease, and at the same time, a feeling he gave me of trying not to go as fast as he wanted to.

This was not much, but after he had gone a few yards he half turned round and looked up the street. He glanced at the furniture store which he had just left. It was only a momentary glance, but it was enough to confirm my suspicions. When he turned again, after walking a little further on, and took a second look behind him, still in the direction of the furniture store, I felt that there was some "crooked" business on hand.

At this moment a man came out of the furniture store and looked up and down the street. The fellow had quickened his pace and was now some little distance away. I started for the man as soon as I saw him come out in this way. He saw me, and as soon as I got near enough I asked:

"What is the matter?"

"Why, somebody has been through my safe," he said, excitedly.

"Just now?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the furniture man. "I was in the back part of the store with a customer and saw the fellow come in. I supposed he wanted to buy something, and I meant to go to him as soon as I was through with the man who was talking to me. I thought he would wait. I missed him after two or three minutes when I looked again, and I thought he had gone out. Then I saw him leaving the office and he walked off."

"I didn't try to recall him and went on with my customer, when suddenly I remembered that I had left the key in my safe in the office. I left what I was doing and hurried to the place to see if everything was all right. The safe door was open and some of the papers were lying on the floor. The man had been through it. Fortunately my money was locked up in a compartment in the safe. But I do not know whether he may not have taken something."

"He is walking down this street now, and I'll get him," I said to the man, hastily leaving him.

The fellow had got below Broome street by this time. I walked quickly after him. I had kept my eye on him the whole time. He was walking faster himself now. I took a very rapid path in the hope of getting up on him pretty close before he would notice it.

I was following him.

But he was getting near Grand, and there are so many walking there that I feared to lose him and began to run. He looked back, I tried to pull up so that he would not see me running, but it was too late. He did see me, and broke into a swift run himself.

Part II, To-Morrow.

MR. CROWLEY STILL IN DANGER.

He is a Very Sick Monkey, but Supt. Conklin Has Great Hopes.

The condition of Mr. Crowley, the Central Park chimpanzee, is still such as to cause his friends great anxiety. He passed a restless night, and the attendants piled him constantly with brandy and milk, which is his only sustenance.

Supt. Conklin said this morning: "We have great hopes of pulling him through, but he is a very sick monkey. It seems to have improved a trifle since 2 o'clock this morning, but not enough to justify us in saying he is out of danger."

Stopping in the Union Square Hotel are George A. Baker, of Boston; M. L. Lobe, of Boston; Edward Brescher, of Philadelphia; J. B. Dettmer, of Bridgeport, and W. E. Russell, of Boston.

Among the prominent arrivals at the city are Wm. S. Wile, of San Francisco; J. P. Wier, ex-member of the Canadian Parliament; T. R. Chubb, of New York; ex-Congressman R. B. Price, of Indianapolis; and Wm. M. Outpost, of Indianapolis, friends of the Breckinridge Association.

On Old Shod Dealer Rests.
The fact that Mr. Morley, the old and well-known shoe dealer on Broadway, near Twenty-second street, is about to retire from business will surprise many who have patronized him for years. With one of the largest stocks on hand in the city, he has cut down to rapidly dispose of it, and the large number of shoes he has picked up at the sale of this old and reliable establishment at prices hardly ever before offered in this city are a good proof of the fact that Mr. Morley will be a notable event in the shoe trade.

Found in the River.
Policeman Snyder, of the Delancey street station, found the body of an unknown man in the East River at the foot of Governor street this morning.

The man was about thirty-five, had a brown mustache and dark brown hair, and wore dark clothes. In one pocket was a small piece of music which was written "J. Wm. Aschbacher, No. 4 Livingston street."

A Hasty Departure.
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